Instant Graham

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Instant Graham

by orphan_account

Summary

Grounded!Hanni. What else do ya need to hear?

I'm migrating all my crack fics, so you might have already read this.

Bev slipped off her shoes, creeping toward the break room door in her socks. As slowly as possible, she peeked through the crack, checking for threats. *No Price and Zeller. Good. I'll be able to avoid the contagious stupidity for two minutes.*

"Good morning, Agent Katz." A suave, accented voice suddenly boomed from behind the door. Bev jumped.

"Dr. -- Dr. Lecter, what the hell are you doing behind the door?" *Try not to laugh. Try not to laugh. Try --*

She lost it. Standing with his back to her, chest to the wall, was Dr. Lecter, sounding as defeated as a man like him could possibly ever sound. "You look like you're in *timeout!"* Hannibal huffed as her laughter crescendoed.

He turned to face her, an honest-to-God *pout* on his face. "I am," he stated, matter-of-factly.

"PRELLER! DR. LECTER WAS PUT IN TIMEOUT! EVERYONE C'MERE!" Before she was even finished yelling (read: trying not to howl while she was at it), Price and Zeller tumbled out from the cabinet beneath the morgue's sink, already giggling like toddlers.

"Okay, so... let's pretend this isn't happening. How'd you get put in *timeout* in the first place? Like, a grown-ass adult... ." Another peal of laughter from Price and Zeller made her lose her composure once more, and deepened Hannibal's scowl.

"I believe a certain Will Graham was less than pleased with me." Bev stopped laughing. Lecter's sad puppy eyes broke her heart.

"But why'd you listen to him? You know what, never mind, we all know you'd do anything for him, but what happened? Why are you, ya know, in trouble? With, uh, Will?" Lecter's lip trembled, as if he was about to cry. This was such a departure from his usual stony-faced politeness that Bev pinched herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming or on hallucinogens.

"Will was quite animatedly telling me about some sort of gram for his dogs' photographs... when I revealed that I had no knowledge of this particular subject he seemed quite cross with me and put me in" -- Hannibal's nose wrinkled disdainfully -- "*timeout."*

Price and Zeller jumped up and down, slapping their knees, cackling like bonobos. "WILL WAS -- " Price began, until Zeller shoved him out of the way and finished for him: "TELLING LECTER ABOUT HIS DOGS' INSTAGRAMS!"

Half of Bev wanted to question Will's sanity for having separate Instagram accounts for each of his dogs (and making everyone at the BAU follow them, apparently), but the other half -- the one that wanted to shove a finger in Lecter's face, for once not caring about the consequences, and shame the skin off his face for not knowing what Instagram was -- won over. "How the hell do you not know about Instagram?"

Hannibal sighed. "My engagement with popular culture is quite limited to the knowledge my patients impart during our sessions, Agent Katz." Wait, was that... *resignation* on his usually-smug face? Okay, now Bev was really starting to feel bad. Realizing that Hannibal had turned around to face the wall again, resuming his earlier position, she asked, "Did Will tell you when this, uh, timeout is gonna be over?"

Hannibal's voice wavered. "When... when I figured out what Instagram was."

Nope. Nope. This was it. Bev grabbed Hannibal's shoulder, spun him around, and guided him to sit on a nearby stool. "So. Instagram. Do you have ANY idea what it is?! Insta. Like Instant. Gram. No clue?"

Surprisingly, Hannibal's face brightened. "Instant. Graham. Is this some means of summoning Agent Graham? Perhaps one that grants his dogs and others his attention?"

Well, this whole shebang transitioned from hilarious to sad to completely ridiculous in one fell swoop. "Dr. Lecter. Hannibal. Instagram is a social media platform where people post pictures and videos to show other people. Will shows off his dogs. Now, give me your phone, I'm making you an Instagram account." With an uncharacteristic show of docility, Hannibal handed over his phone. One text message appeared at the top of the screen:

Will Graham, 2:34 PM: You idiot, where are you? Jack's been looking for you.

And another:

Will Graham: 2:35 PM: Don't tell me in the morgue. I wasn't being serious. Shit. Seriously, where are you?

Forget about the damn Instagram.

With instincts that could only belong to an FBI agent, Bev clicked on the messages, and typed out a response:

Dr. Hannibal Lecter, M.D., 2:37 PM: Graham, come claim your pouty husband. He just got out of time-out.

Will Graham, 2:37 PM: He's not my husband! We're not even

Will Graham, 2:37 PM: OK, forget about that, Katz, we're not even going there. Where is he?

Dr. Hannibal Lecter, M.D., 2:38 PM: Seriously, Graham, he's gonna cry if you don't come down here. He already had enough punishment today, trust me.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter, M.D., 2:39 PM: [sent an attachment]

A photo of Winston with a rose in his mouth, posted by @winstongraham. The caption of the post read: "If my daddy's lucky, I might have a new papa soon. Here's to shredding his ties!"

Gotcha.

Will Graham, 2:41 PM: FUCK YOU BEV I swear I'm making you into dog treats!

A huff of breath startled Bev from her mischievous trance. Staring over her shoulder was a supremely gleeful Dr. Lecter, wearing the largest shit-and-God-knows-what-else-eating grin she'd ever seen on a human *or* a cat.

"Ah, it seems that my dear Will reciprocates my feelings after all."

Bev glared. "NO SHIT, YOU IDIOTS! CONGRATULATIONS, YOU TWO HAVE PRETTY MUCH BEEN MARRIED FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS WITHOUT EITHER OF YOU REALIZING IT!"

It seemed that Dr. Lecter didn't hear a word of what she said. "... it appears that my beloved's tastes in culinary endeavors differs from mine... "

Nope. Will was going to be here any second, and Bev really didn't want to see the disgusting scene that would inevitably take place once he arrived. Hauling Price and Zeller by the collars, she offered over her shoulder: "Now you have your Instant Graham. Congratulations."

"C'mon, let us stay and watch, please?" Zeller whined, trying to escape her grip. Bev only tightened her hold on him, ignoring Price's echoing "Pleeeeeaaaase??". If the FBI was ever accused of staging a porno, she really didn't want to be involved.

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